DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

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A TALK ABOUT SNAILS.

BY EDWIN A. BARBER.

It is probable that every reader of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* has observed the common garden snail (*Helix albolabris*) creeping laboriously and slowly along in moist places, with his shell or house on his back. A creature so lowly and sluggish would scarcely be supposed to have anything of interest attached to its history, and yet, on the contrary, we can discover many curious facts in regard to it. If we watch him when moving we will see that he has two pairs of horns on his head, a long pair above and a short pair beneath. The eyes are situated, like little knobs, on the extremities of the longer horns. Should we alarm him, he will quickly draw in his horns, the eyes disappearing first, and then retreat himself into his house. When he is drawn within his shell, the breathing orifice may be seen in the aperture on the right side, and we will have no difficulty in observing it open and close as he breathes.

A few weeks ago I placed a snail in a small box, and forgot it until nearly three weeks had elapsed, and when I examined it I supposed it to be dead. Placing it upon my bureau, I went in quest of some boiling water, in which to immerse it for the purpose of extracting the animal from the shell; but what was my surprise on returning to find Mr. Snail complacently exploring the surroundings. I have now had him for nearly two months, and he still comes out nearly every night and employs his time in trailing himself over my brushes and toilet-bottles, and I have become quite attached to my little pet.

The term *Helix*, applied to snails, is taken from a Greek word which means spiral, twisted. The land snails of the genus *Helix* do not possess what is called an *operculum*, like the sea and fresh water snails. This is a peculiar, horny scale on the hinder part of the body, which, when the animal retires into his shell, fits tightly in and closes up the mouth of th aperture. In the absence of this the *Helix* closes its shell with a peculiar secretion of its body which becomes dry and tough like a thin skin. This is called the *epiphragm*. When snails wish to retire for the winter they bury themselves in the ground and contract themselves as much as possible in their shells. Then they close up the openings with this mucus and lie dormant until spring.

Snails, as a rule, are extremely tenacious of life, and accounts are recorded of individuals surviving without water or food for several years. A very celebrated specimen lived in a dormant condition for the length of four years, glued down to a card in the conchological collections of the British Museum. This was a specimen of the desert snail of Egypt, (*Helix desertorum*,) and after it was accidentally discovered to be alive it lived for more than two years. Another land snail is said to have lived for a period of six years without food.

In the Western territories and through the Rocky Mountains, snails exist in great numbers. "Cooper's Helix" (*H. Cooperi*) is so abundant in some places that bushels of shells can be scraped together in a few moments. In many localities, where the forests have been burned away, these shells lie in great abundance, sometimes extending for miles, bleaching on the surface of the blackened soil. The shells of snails generally turn from right to left like the spring of a watch; then they are called *dextral*, or right-handed. Occasionally, however, an exception to the rule occurs, in which case the spiral turns the other way and the shell is called *sinistral*, or reversed. Such a specimen is nothing more nor less than a monstrosity, and is as much a freak of nature as a two-headed calf or a four-legged chicken. In some few species of *Helices*, however, left-handed shells are the rule, and in such cases when an exceptional one turns in the opposite direction, like a watch-spring, it is called a reversed shell. In Northwestern Colorado I had the rare fortune to pick up one specimen of a sinistral *Helix Cooperi*, and, so far as I know, it is the only one of this species on record.

Snails are either *oviparous* or *viviparous*; that is, they either lay eggs which, in time, are hatched into miniature shells, or they bring forth their young alive with the shells perfectly formed. The *Helix Cooperi* belongs to the second class.

It may seem strange to us that snails are used for food in some portions of the world, yet this is a fact. The edible snail (*Helix pomatia*) is a large species, reddish-brown in color, which lives on vines or small trees. It was considered by the ancient Romans a great delicacy for the table, and was raised by them in parks, being fed on cooked meat and flour. These articles of luxury are now extensively reared and consumed in France and Switzerland, and in England they are fattened for the market in hothouses. Except for the prevailing prejudice against them, I cannot see any reason why they would not be as palatable as oysters.

Representatives of the snail family occur in almost every region of the earth, excepting the colder districts, varying in size from a small pin's head to more than four inches across the shell.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

SOME CURIOUS SNAILS.

The superintendent of a Kentucky Sunday-school asked one of his scholars if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," replied the boy, "but he is not working at it much." That kind of Christians is not confined to Kentucky.

THE OLD MAN'S TALE.

It was in this very room we sat, said he, Maggie and I. It was a sorrowful meal. We had just started life, and every dollar we had in the world was in the factory over there, and the flames had devoured all. I was discouraged, but Maggie was full of hope in God. Of all the good gifts of God to me in this world that blessed woman crowned them all. Even while we sat conversing the goodness of God appeared. The door opened, and in came a neighbor, rough but kind, who at once said:

'I hear you are out of a job.'

'Yes, the fire has left me nothing to do.'

'Well, I want you to do something for me. I have a mortgage on a farm near Rochester, and it is to be sold in three days' time. I want some one to go out and secure my interests, and you are just the man. Will you go?'

'What do you think, Maggie?'

'Why, if you think you can do the business satisfactorily, then go; you have nothing else on hand.'

'I will be ready, sir, to-morrow morning.'

So I left Maggie and the children, and started next day for the boat. And here the Lord surprised me again. On the way to the boat I met ——, who said:

'Where are you going?,

'Rochester.

'I heard that you was. Will you do some business for me by the way?'

'Certainly; what is it?

'I own a store at Palmyra. The rent is past due. If you will stop and collect it, I will pay you well.'

"So thus it was again," said he, and the tears streamed down his face as he lived the dark days over. "I was ready to come home, and passing down Main street, Rochester, I met the owner of a line of packets, an old friend:

'Why, what are you doing here?'

'Transacting business.'

'When are you going home?'

'I am on my way now to find a boat for the east.'

'Get into my buggy. I will drive you down.' I got in with him, and when we reached the basin, he reined up before a new boat, a perfect beauty. I read her name. 'Mount Morris,' and looked her over. He said:

'What do you think of her?"

'As pretty a boat as ever rode the water.'

'I want you to command her this summer.'

'What, what, me? I never ran a boat in my life. I don't know the first thing about it.'

'Never mind, you are a reliable man. You can learn. We want you.'

And there it was again, said he. One thing right upon another. I have been a special object of God's goodness. Well, I said to him:

'I will go home and speak to Maggie about it. I am greatly influenced in everything by her opinion. If she thinks best I will do it.'

'In case she does,' said he, 'you meet me at the Albany office.'

'Very well, sir.'

I came home, and Maggie said, 'Why, if you can get along with it, I can stay here with grandmother and the children. You have nothing else to do.' So I wrote him that I would take the Mount Morris on one condition, viz.: she should be known as the 'Cold Water Boat.' I would have no drunkenness, nor nonsense of the kind about her. To this they assented. I shipped a crew on these express terms. First along they hissed us and hooted at us as we went through the locks, but presently God honored my resolve with new marks of goodness, for He caused so much talk about us, and awakened so much interest in us, that we were always loaded down to the water's edge with passengers. People would wait for days with their furniture and baggage piled up on the shore, and allow the boats to go by, that they might take the Mount Morris. It was all out of my line, but it was all in God's line. It was not my way, but it was His way, and it was a good way. It was a profitable summer for the boat, and for me, and it tided me over a very troublesome bar. O! that men would trust the Lord."—*F. A. Herton, in Interior.*

Learn the Value of Money.—A silver dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. If it is given to a boy, he has no idea of what it has cost, or of what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn his dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represent a hundred weary days' labor, and it seems a great sum of money. A thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has earned a dollar, he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society and to a boy to bring him up to man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one, without it, is almost inevitably thrown away. With it, and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than any one can make it for him.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

We have known the expression at home of a little want of good feeling on a father's part toward the pastor to create a prejudice in the minds of his family circle which was never afterward uprooted.—*Christian Advocate.*

The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music whistling through a keyhole.

St. Bernard puts it well when he says, "Humility is, of all graces, the chiefest when it doesn't know itself to be a grace at all."

Temperance Department.

POTATOES.

In seeking an illustration of the working of the liquor traffic we can find no existing analogous case with which to compare it. We must therefore take an imaginary one. Let us then for the nonce picture to ourselves a country in which potatoes are taking the place of strong drink in the island of Great Britain.

Let us visit that country, keeping our eyes and ears open to learn all we can.

In passing along the street we hear the question asked at an open door, "How is your husband this morning?" and we are startled by the reply which the wife gives: "We've had a terrible night with him. I had to call in the neighbors to hold him, or he would have jumped out of the window. Oh, these potatoes, these potatoes, they're killing him! When he keeps from potatoes he's all right, but there are so many shops open he can't pass 'em by, and when he takes one potato he will have more, and they get to his brain and make him into a madman."

Further on we hear the noise of crying children. "What is the matter?" we ask on passing the house. "O, they're Mary Tomkins's children. A kind lady saw them in the street yesterday all in rags and asked them where they lived, and their mother told her a fine tale of poverty and destitution. So this morning the lady sent them some clothes, and the servant saw them put on. The children were wonderfully pleased, and Mary was all smiles and thanks. But as soon as the servant was well out of sight what did Mary do but strip them off the children, and put on their rags again; and now she's off with them to pledge for money to take to the potato shop. "Is this the way with the mothers of this country?" we indignantly ask. "O no," our informant replies, "it's only when they take to potatoes. Mary Tomkins was as good and kind a mother as ever lived until she got into the habit of going to the potato shop."

We see men here and there staggering in the street, and we ask, "Are these men ill?" "No, they have been eating potatoes."

We go out after nightfall. We hear loud shrieks, and we hasten in the direction whence they proceed. We see a group of people in the light proceeding from an open door. We press forward, and behold a woman laid upon the floor. We hear her heavy and painful breathing until it ceases, and ceases finally. We observe a man leaning against the wall, the only person present who does not comprehend the meaning of the scene. He came from the potato shop not many minutes ago in a state of frenzy, which is now followed by stupefaction. He commenced beating his wife, as he was wont to do in his madness; but this time he felled her to the ground and then inflicted a violent kick in the stomach, which has resulted in death, and now the police have come to take him to prison.

We go next morning to the Town Hall, where he is to appear before the magistrates. But we have long to wait until his case takes its turn. One after another the blear-eyed victims of potatoes stand in the dock. Some had been drunk and incapable, some drunk and disorderly, some were charged with crimes more or less serious, but all, with few exceptions, were brought to their disgraceful position through eating potatoes!

We visit the public cemetery, and on passing one of the memorial stones, we hear a bystander remark to his companions, "Poor fellow, I knew him intimately; he might have been alive and well now, but for the potatoes." We look at the lettering and read, "aged 23."

We begin to conclude that we have lighted upon a very unfortunate town. So we take our departure and make our observations in another part of the country. But here again we encounter scenes of the same character. And go where we will, we find a most fearful amount of crime, pauperism, lunacy, disease, and premature death chargeable upon potatoes!

"And what," we ask, "is your legislature doing to put an end to this terrible state of things?" And we find, to our amazement, that the sale of these destructive and injurious articles is carried on under Government sanction. It is not, indeed, every one who is permitted to sell them, but they are sold by license obtained from the Government, and there are no fewer than 150 thousands of those holders of licenses in the country. At every principal street corner in the towns the flaming potato palaces are so many centres for the spread of misery and ruin, and in the villages the sign post, swinging and creaking in the breeze, bears prominently on its front the notice to all passers-by, "Licensed to sell potatoes." The very magistrates who inflict sentences upon the unfortunate members of humanity whom potatoes have bereft of all self-restraint and self-respect—they are the persons who inflict the sale of the potatoes upon the community, and the money paid for the licenses deafens the ears of the statesmen to the cries of parents more afflicted than those bereft of children, of wives more disconsolate than widows, and of children in a more pitiable condition than the fatherless.

There is in very deed a potato blight—not a blight suffered by the potato plant—but a blight inflicted thereby.

If we knew of a country where all this was done, and if we were made acquainted with the facts for the first time, would not our indignant exclamation be, surely the inhabitants of that country are mad to suffer the continuance of such a state of things from day to day, from year to year, and from age to age?—*Alliance News.*

ENGLAND'S PLEVNA.

Canon Wilberforce, in a speech before the Church of England Temperance Society, says:—

I remember a leading medical man once telling me: "When I began in my profession I did not dare be a teetotaler. I was a poor man, and I very soon ascertained this, that if I found out that my patient was taking a little too much he made a discovery at the same time that I did not understand his case." But now that medical man is at the top of his profession—he is a teetotaler, and a leading platform supporter also. And then we must also congratulate each other on the spread of temperance literature in education. My lord, there was a time—I remember my schoolboy days at Eton—when it was said in the words of the old song—

> "They sent me to the drawing school
> To learn to draw in chalk.
> But all the drawing I could learn
> Was how to draw a cork."

Thank God! all that is changed now. We have temperance literature saturating all the great schools of the land. We have the School Board of London being the first to adopt that admirable work of Dr. Richardson. If you want to leaven a nation, it's of no use going to work with the old dried up men like me; you must go to the boys and girls, and teach them the principles you want to see spreading throughout the land. But bear with me whilst I give you a little bit of a lecture. Whilst we congratulate ourselves upon our progress, let me say this to you;—Don't relax your energies, and don't forget your enemies. Now I want to tell you of four of the very worst of your enemies. "Plevna may have fallen," the Emperor of Russia said, "but the war is not over yet." The very worst enemy that we have got in the whole movement is the powerful liquor traffic which is ruling the country. Now, do not let there be any shrinking back from that. Let us clearly understand that if we are going to break down slavery shrines we must lose the friendship of Demetrius. I say that it is a scandal before high heaven that a nation like England, powerful, enlightened, civilized, should be ruled under the thumb of one single trade like the liquor traffic. The liquor traffic can send you to war. The liquor traffic can tax your pocket. The liquor traffic can do what it will with this nation; and I say that if we shut our eyes to that one fact we are shutting our eyes to the very greatest enemy that we have in the whole of this cause. Tell me whether there ever was a more flagrant case than, when it was necessary to raise a certain grant for Parliament, that the incomes of the hard-working clergy and clerks and others should be taxed, and the abominable, accursed drink allowed to go free? Why didn't they tax it? Because the brewers in Parliament would not let them—that is all. I say that if alcohol bore its fair share of the taxation of this country the income-tax might be abolished to-morrow. Did you note the election at Tamworth? The political papers made a great deal of it, but the late member hit the right nail on the head. He said;—"If you will put a jackass up for Tamworth and label it 'Bass' or 'Allsopp' it will be bound to come in." Now, I know it needs some courage to fight the battle against the trade. I know you will be told, "See the vast good they do. Look across the channel, and see the walls of that noble pile growing up to the sky, and see it the gift of a single individual." My lord, when I read that story in the *Times*, I thought me of that celebrated character upon the penny steamboat who picked the pocket of an old lady of everything she had, and then, when he had got it safe in his own pocket, went about and made a collection amongst the passengers to make it up to her. I don't believe in robbing a nation with one hand and giving it back with the other. I don't believe in spreading sin and misery, and desolation; and hell-fire amongst the people, and then paying God for it in that way.

OUR LITTLE TO-DY.

She is a wee thing, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, with tiny hands and feet, only three years old.

Her parents came from the old country, and named their baby girl after the good queen of England, Victoria.

When our little girl was but little over a year old, she began to talk.

People asked her name, and she always answered, "To-dy!"

To-dy's father is a laborer, and like many another working-man, he used to smoke his pipe.

A year ago last New Year's eve, To-dy's father sat down after supper, lifted his little girl up into his lap, and took down his pipe from the mantel.

Down slipped the child from her father's lap, and away she ran into the pantry.

"To-dy!" called her father.

"What, sir?" sounded the piping little voice from the pantry in reply.

"Come here!"

"I don't want to."

"Why not, child?"

"I don't like your nassy pipe, papa."

The father is a godly man, and felt keenly the child's reproof.

"Well," said he, "come back, and I won't smoke any more."

Quick as the word, the little feet came pattering back. Up she clambered again upon her father's knee, kissed him, and in her most winning tones said,—

"Papa, I'll curl your hair if you won't smoke any more."

And from that day the father has never touched tobacco; for much as he loved his pipe, he loves his dear little child better.—*Zion's Herald.*

TRY EXAMPLE.

Dr. Reid, of Glasgow, says: Permit me to give a single instance, showing what an advantage abstinence gives to a minister in dealing with intemperance. The Rev. John Griffith, M.A., Rector of Neath, tells us that a Quaker friend did much to enlighten and to instruct him. Meeting with this young philanthropist shortly after entering on his present charge, he was congratulated by him on his zeal in attacking the sin of drunkenness, which so generally prevailed in the parish and then sked,

"Wilt thou tell me how many converts thou hast had for drunkenness?"

"I fear none," was the reply.

"Well," said he, "thou hast tried what preaching will do, and thou hast tried what lecturing will do; suppose thou dost try what example will do!"

The appeal was irresistible. It may now be asked what have been the result of his professing teetotalism. Eight hundred persons in the course of eighteen months signed the pledge; seven hundred young people became members of the "Band of Hope." The whole moral aspect of the town became changed; sobriety was soon in the ascendency, as frequenting public-houses ceased to be considered respectable. The stumbling block-having been removed, the work of philanthropy and religion progressed. "I might fill columns," says Mr. Griffith, "with the mention of the fruits of those labours. I shall only mark out one for especial notice—viz., the increased influence the profession of total abstinence conferred on me, not as an individual citizen, but as a minister of the gospel. By avowing myself on the side of total abstinence, my influence increased tenfold."

ALCOHOL A POISON.—From the teachings of science and experience the great truth has now gone forth to the ends of the earth that wherever there is alcohol there is poison, poisoning in exact proportion to the quantity consumed and the physical capacity of the consumer to resist the poisonous influence. "Granted," say you, "but what a useful medicine alcohol is." Well, and if it be so, keep it in the medicine chest, in the same guarded compartment with prussic acid, opium, and other poisonous remedies. But the medicinal value of alcoholic beverages has been enormously exaggerated. I occasionally administer alcohol in minute doses, as I do aconite and chloroform, but I am free to confess that were we, by some freak of fortune, to be suddenly deprived of all fermented liquors to-morrow, not one human being would die from the bereavement, but many sick and afflicted would speedily recover. A celebrated London physician, a non-abstainer, told me, not many days ago, that when assistant at a great hospital he remarked that all the patients attacked by erysipelas died, an invariable tendency to death he could account for in no other way than as induced by the administration of alcohol; that from the day he was appointed physician no sufferer from erysipelas in his wards received a drop of alcohol, save one man, whose case was the only one which terminated fatally. I have always been struck with the fact that, though the poor have not the nursing, the comforts, and the sanitary benefits of the rich, they recover from disease in a much greater ratio. Why is this? The only solution is that the latter are usually freely plied with stimulants, very often against the express injunctions of the medical adviser, while the former, as a rule, are not.—*Norman Kerr, M.D., London.*

THE CHINESE A TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.—The antagonism to the Chinese has risen from the fact that they compete successfully in the labor market with men of other nationalities. There are various reasons why they have this advantage, and it is well to have a clear understanding on this point. One of the chief reasons, and one that is patent to everybody, is, that while white laborers are addicted to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, the Chinese are not. It is a remarkable fact that a drunken Chinaman is a rare sight. During a long residence in one of the principal cities of the Empire, I have not seen, on an average, more than one a year. The white man spends his wages for liquor, unfits himself for work, and leaves his family in distress. This is the bane of our country and of our race. The multitudes of grogshops, supported almost entirely by workingmen, and the millions of dollars worse than wasted every year, testify to the prevalence of the evil, and explain to a great extent why our own people have to give way to the sober, docile, patient Asiatic. The advantage here is overwhelmingly in favor of the latter, and it is greatly to his credit that it is so. If the Chinese were patrons of the corner groceries and innumerable rum-holes of the city, the hostility of a certain class would be very much moderated. When Congress undertakes to enact laws to exclude certain foreigners from our shores, it cannot discriminate in favor of the drunken and unreliable, as against the sober, industrious, and reliable.—*Dr. J. G. Kerr, in Illus. Christian Weekly.*

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The thirteenth annual meeting of this society was held in the Tabernacle, New York, May 7th, the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge presiding. Among the speakers were the Rev. Drs. T. L. Cuyler and J. P. Newman and Hon. Neal Dow. All the addresses were of a stirring character, and dealt with the evil of intemperance in a decided and uncompromising way. Mr. Dow's remarks were particularly emphatic. His allusions to the operation of the prohibitory law in Maine we quote as follows: "It is often said now that the law is a failure; that there is more liquor drank in Maine than there ever was before. No single fact justifies that statement. Everywhere and always the law is a glorious success. Liquor is sold there, but murder is sometimes committed in New York, although the laws are stringent against it. The liquor is not yet all driven out, because the penalties are not severe enough. Now a rumseller is only fined a thousand dollars and imprisoned one year for his offense. We will come to the halter finally if it shall be necessary. I assert without hesitation that no liquor is sold in villages, and only a little, and that among the foreign inhabitants, in the larger towns." Dr. Newman, in concluding his address, expressed the hope that he might live to see a World's Temperance Convention which should adopt at least three resolutions. "First, that it favors total abstinence; second, that it favors prohibition by law and that the citizens have a right to demand it; and, third, that the world will not rest until intemperance is totally destroyed."—*Christian Union.*

A CALIFORNIA clergyman writes to The Home Missionary in refutation of the statement that the temperance cause is strengthened by the production of light wines. He speaks from his own experience and says: "Even in this year of small production, there has been made hereabouts not far from 1,000,000 gallons of wine: and I fear that a visitor might add, 'there has been consumed an equal amount.' Whatever the connection, the fact is sadly patent that drunkenness is alarming by common. I cannot doubt that the occupation and the vice walk hand in hand. This conclusion has been forced upon me by careful observation during the summer; and bitterly do I deprecate the grasp which alcohol seems thus to have upon our people's throats. Its fatal effects are seen everywhere, and not least among those who listen unmoved to the gospel."

MORPHIOMANIA.—Morphiomania has become a great scourge in Berlin since the introduction of opium injections as a relief from bodily suffering and sleeplessness. Tradespeople, merchants, judges, barristers, soldiers, students, doctors and clergymen become the victims of the habit, and when the medical attendants are called in it is too late to counteract the evil. At first, these sub-cutaneous injections offer the quickest and easiest means to allay pain and bring rest to the sufferer. But to prove effectual in its cure, the treatment must be continued for a certain time; and during that period the patent becomes so accustomed to the skin injections that they become indispensable. Like drink, the appetite for them increases until chronic drunkenness ensues.

CONDUCT IN CASE OF FIRE.

The following directions for conduct in case of fire are issued by the British Royal Society for the Protection of Life from fire.

Every householder should make each person in his house acquainted with the best means of escape, whether the fire breaks out at the top or at the bottom.

Inmates at the first alarm should endeavor calmly to reflect what means of escape there are in the house. If in bed at the time, wrap themselves in a blanket or bedside carpet; open neither windows nor doors more than necesary; shut every door after them. [This is most important to observe.]

In the midst of smoke it is comparatively clear toward the ground; consequently progress through smoke can be made on the hands and knees. A silk handkerchief, worsted stocking, or other flannel substance, wetted and drawn over the face, permits free breathing and excludes to a great extent the smoke from the lungs. A wet sponge is alike efficacious.

In the event of being unable to escape either by the street-door or the roof, the persons in danger should immediately make their way to the front-room window, taking care to close the door after them, and those who have charge of the household should ascertain that every individual is there assembled.

Persons thus circumstanced are entreated not to precipitate themselves from the window while there remains the least possibility of assistance, and even in the last extremity a plain rope is invaluable, or recourse may be had to joining sheets or blankets together, fastening one end to the bedpost or other furniture. This will enable one person to lower all the others separately, and the last may let himself down with comparatively little risk. Select a window over the doorway rather than over the area.

Do not give vent to the fire by breaking into the house unnecessarily from without, or if an inmate, by opening the door or windows. Make a point of shutting every door after you as you go through the house. For this purpose doors enclosing the staircase are very useful.

Upon discovering yourself on fire, reflect that your greatest danger arises from draft to flames, and from their rising upward. Throw yourself on the ground and roll over the flame, —if possible on the rug or loose drugget, which drag under you. The table-cover, a man's coat, anything of the kind at hand, will serve your purpose. Scream for assistance, ring the bell, but do not run out of the room or remain in an upright position.

Persons especially exposed to the risk of their dresses taking fire, should adopt the precaution of having all linen and cotton washed in a weak solution of chloride of zinc, alum or tungstate of soda.

Professor Hughes' Microphone.—The discoveries recently made by Professor Hughes will, the *Echo* thinks, undoubtedly revolutionise the whole art of telegraphy. His microphone magnifies the weakest vibrations into sounds audible to the human ear, and there is every probability that in a short time articulate speech will be transmitted over indefinite length of wire. It is impossible to say now what substances will not transmit vibrations when placed in in an electrical circuit—a pile of nails or a small heap of chain taking up the sounds of the human voice, and transmitting them clearly and accurately to a telephone many miles distant. The best results appear to be obtained with charcoal impregnated with a metal—willow charcoal, for instance, raised to a white heat and quenched in mercury. The metal is thus obtained in a finely divided state through all the pores of the charcoal, and vibrations inaudible to human ears are taken up by it and intensified until they are audible from the diaphragm of the telephone, the loudness or volume depending entirely on the capabilities of the latter. The scratch of a pin, the touch of a brush, the chords of a piano, or the tones of a voice, are transmitted with equal clearness, and by the simplest means, for a single-cell Daniell, a bell telephone, line wire, and a Hughes microphone are all the apparatus necessary. As already intimated, it is impossible to say what may or may not be used as the transmitter; for a piece of chain, three nails, a glass tube filled with shot or metallic powder, and a piece of charcoal, plain or impregnated with metal, with or without the tube, have been found sufficient for the purpose; and every day new devices are improvised. It should be mentioned to the honor of Professor Hughes that he has not taken out a patent, but has freely given to the civilized word a discovery the importance of which cannot yet be appreciated.

The *Praeger Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt* contains the following in regard to the cure of rheumatism by the means of bee-stings. The correspondent says:—"That his wife having suffered so much as to be unable to enjoy any sleep or rest for the space of six months, the right arm being almost lame, preventing the sufferer from doing any household work, making her even unable to dress or undress herself, and having heard that a farmer, quite incapacitated by rheumatism, had been accidentally stung by bees, and thereby got entirely cured, he persuaded his wife to try this remedy, as the pain from the sting of the bees would not be greater than that already suffered. Three bees were therefore laid and pressed upon the right arm for a considerable time, in order that the poison bladder of the insects should entirely empty itself. The effect produced was astonishing, as the lady, even on the first night, was enabled to enjoy a long, good sleep, the first time for at least six months, the racking pain being entirely gone. The arm was, of course, swollen greatly in consequence of the sting, but the swelling disappeared gradually upon the application of some cooling lotion. All pain was gone, the lame arm recovered its previous vigorousness, and not the least sign of rheumatism has ever shown itself."

Freaks of the Telephone.—An instance of the telephone's wonderful sensitiveness is furnished by its inventor. He relates how a private wire was established between the houses of two friends, the distance being about two miles. Night after night, one of the gentlemen heard through his telephone the sounds of a piano accompanying songs, many of which were familiar to him. He was surprised to learn that this music did not proceed from his friend's house. Thinking, therefore, that some one had played a trick upon him by attaching an independent telephone at some intermediate point of the circuit, a search was instituted, which, however, resulted in nothing being discovered. Where these phantom sounds came from remains to this day a mystery, but the circumstances have been advertised, together with a list of the songs recognized, in the hope that one of the performers will come forward and help towards the elucidation of the enigma. It is probable that the wire passed over some house in which the music was produced, but how without help it could reach the telephone is impossible to guess. The occurrence of the aurora borealis seems always to disturb its equanimity, for during the display it is said to emit various sounds, but whether appreciative or the reverse is not stated.—*Science for All.*

The Lancet says it is discouraging to observe the meagre results of enterprise bestowed by designers and producers of appliance useful in the most helpless stages of sickness. For example, a thoroughly efficient feeder, suitable for use in the case of an adult, does not exist, and expert nurses revive the old-fashioned butter boat. A shaded hand-lamp, of no greater weight than may be borne on a finger, and so contrived that the light will fall at the point required, without assailing the eyes of the patient, is not yet devised. Complicated and costly beds, quite out of the reach of any middle-class family, and therefore available only for the wealthy, or the fortunate inmates of hospitals, alone meet the requirements of cleanliness without discomfort. The like is true of nearly all the apparatus for the relief of pain by change of posture, and for securing immunity from pressure, or steadiness in a particular position. The rich and the poor are provided, but not the multitude in narrow circumstances, with small and inelastic financial resources.

One Cause of Insanity in Paris.—The immoderate use of absinthe is said to have caused much of the insanity that now peoples the asylums of Paris. The horrors of the siege and the Commune, and the over-indulgence in wines and liquors during those dreadful months, drove many a poor creature raving mad. During the period extending from October, 1870, to May, 1871, the consumption of alcoholic drinks in Paris amounted to five times as much as it ordinarily does during an entire year. The reason of this is simple enough. Food was scarce in the beleaguered city, and liquor was plentiful. People lived for weeks on bread and wine. Fuel was not to be had, so draughts of brandy were resorted to for warmth. Such a regimen, acting on frames enfeebled by want, on minds exasperated by defeat and sorrow, on passions inflamed by scenes of carnage, might well drive a whole population distracted. Hence, I doubt not, came nine-tenths of the disorders and the horrors of the Commune. Paris during that terrible period was literally suffering from delirium tremens.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Sanitary Influence of Trees.—The value of trees in a sanitary point of view in large and overcrowded cities can scarcely be over-estimated. Apart from the sense of relief and coolness which they impart, their influence as purifiers of the atmosphere is almost incredible. It has been calculated that a good sized elm, plane or lime tree, will produce 700,000 leaves, having a united area of 200,000 square feet. The competent authority above quoted proceeds to show that not only do the leaves absorb deleterious gases, but they exhale oxygen. They must, therefore, be of immense benefit in overcrowded and unhealthy districts. When to this it is added that trees modify temperature, promoting coolness in summer and warmth in winter; also that they purify the soil below as well as the atmosphere above, we have a very powerful sanitary argument for tree planting. —*London Medical Examiner.*

The rubies recently made in Paris by MM. Feil & Fremy are described as being so like the natural gems that they cannot be distinguished from the latter by any test. They are hard enough to scratch topaz; they have precisely the same density as natural rubies; they crystallize in the same six-sided system; and their color is similarly lessened by heating them, and restored upon cooling. The chemical and physical properties of the artificial gem appear to be exactly the same as those of the gem as it occurs in nature. This success of the French chemists is the more interesting from the immense comparative value of rubies. A true Oriental ruby of medium size is stated by a writer in the Nineteenth Century magazine to be worth ten times as much as a diamond of equal weight. One of thirty-seven carats, brought from Burmah in 1875, was sold on the continent of Europe for $50,000.

Health and Talent.—It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews, and sinews of a man, and he will set failure at defiance. A man has good reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, rather than the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach. But, of the two, a weak mind in a Herculean frame is better than a giant mind with a crazy constitution. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy.—*Home Journal.*

A timely warning to those about to enjoy the summer luxury of sea bathing, is given in the *Medical Record*, by Dr. Sexton, of the New York Ear Infirmary. He finds salt water to be peculiarly irritating to the delicate membrane of the inner ear, while cold fresh water may be equally injurious. Every year hundreds of people are sent to the infirmary for treatment whose trouble has arisen from getting water into their ears while bathing, or from catching cold in the ears at such times. He recommends, as a precaution, the plugging of the ears with cotton before entering the water, particularly in surf bathing.—*Scientific American.*

It is not every man who can hear with his teeth better than with his ears, but there are two or three employés of the water works who can tell whether water is passing through a pipe by resting the teeth on a stopcock and stopping both ears with the fingers. The operation was performed recently in front of the Massasoit House, where a pipe was supposed to be obstructed. In this case the workman held one end of a small metal rod in his teeth, allowed the other end to touch the top of the stopcock, covered both ears, and quickly said, "I hear a small quantity of water passing through the pipe."—*Springfield (Mass) Union.*

A man has submitted to Pittsburg, Pa., a novel method of lighting the city. He proposes to erect three lighthouses, one on Nunnery Hill, one on Coal Hill, and one on Herron Hill, from which shall be emitted "such a flood of light that anywhere in Pittsburg or Alleghany City a pin could be seen if lying on the pavement in the darkest night." The lights will be so placed that a perfect crossing of the beams will be effected, and every light will neutralize the shadows of the other.—*Evening Post.*

A singular fact is given in the *Journal de Medicine* of the effect of the habitual use of milk in white lead works. In some French lead mills it was observed that, in a large working population, two men who drank much milk daily were not affected by lead. On the general use of milk throughout the works the occurrence of lead colic ceased. Each operator was given enough extra pay to buy a quart of milk a day. From 1868 to 1871 no cases of colic had appeared.—*Scientific American.*

It is now well known that if the wire of a telephone be extended parallel to telegraph wires, and supported on the same posts, the clicking of the telegraph instruments will be distinctly heard in the telephone, so that messages passing can be read. This opens a new war utilization of the telephone, as it will be necessary simply to carry its wire near an enemy's telegraph line to read his despatches without tapping his wires.

The manager of the Jardin d'Acclimation, at Paris, has directed the attention of African explorers to the zebra, as a beast of burden better suited to the climate than any of the domesticated animals, not even excepting the ass. Several zebras, now under his charge, have been successfully broken in.

In nearly 200 houses in Boston, where there have been cases of diphtheria, it was found that in every case there had been a derangment of the waste-pipes before they entered the sewers.

DOMESTIC.

A cement for wood vessels required to be water-tight may be formed by a mixture of lime-clay and oxide of iron, separately calcined and reduced to fine powder, then intimately mixed, left in a close vessel, and mixed with the requisite quantity of water when used.

Red spiders are most minute and destructive insects, that increase multitudinously, and voraciously attack abutilons, roses, smilax, and some other plants, and are usually the result of failing health or a dry atmosphere. The cure is repeated spongings; and the prevention is occasional spongings, frequent syringings, and vigorous plant growth. Gardeners employ powder sulphur, painted on the hot-water pipes or on boards, slates, or walls facing the sun—but inside the greenhouse, of course—to help to destroy this pest: but woe to plants and insects alike if the pipes get much more than milk-warm.

Cookery for Invalids.—Pick some codfish into small pieces, pour boiling water over it and let it stand fifteen minutes, then pour off the water and cover it with cream: heat but not boil it; add a little pepper and pour it over a slice of toasted bread or a split cracker. Corn-meal gruel is seldom properly made. It should boil at least an hour slowly. If the patient has no fever, more or less cream should be added five minutes before it is taken up. For a convalescent, a handful of raisins boiled in it is a great improvement, and a small bit of butter and grated nutmeg may be added. If sweetened, loaf sugar should be used, but most sick people will relish it better without. —*The Household.*

Molasses Cake.—Two cups of New Orleans molasses; two teaspoons (*not* heaped up) of soda, stirred into the molasses until it is thick and foaming, one full quart of flour, one and a half cups of warm water, in which half a cup of butter has dissolved, or nearly so. Then add one teaspoon of salt, one-half one of cloves, two of cinnamon, and two of ginger. In making this cake we have often put in *three* spoonfuls of cinnamon, and a handful of extra flour. We have no hesitation in saying that this molasses cake, when properly made and baked, is delicious. We use paper in the pans, and bake in three cakes, in a brisk oven, making the cakes thus not very thick.

Pickle Good for Use as Soon as Made.—One gallon of chopped cabbage, half a gallon of green tomatoes, one quart of onions, six pods of green pepper from which the seeds have been extracted, all chopped fine and mixed. Let it stand for a night, and then strain off the liquor and throw it away. Now the pickle is ready for the fire, when must be put in the kettle with it a tablespoonful of ground mustard, two ounces of ginger, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves, three ounces of salt, one ounce of celery seed, one gallon and a half of vinegar. Boil all well together until the vegetables are tender and clear. When this is the case the pickle will be found ready for use.

Cleaning Lace.—A correspondent of the *Christian Union* says:—"These are days when lace is appreciated, and when it is really thought precious. We hold these truths to be self-evident. Lace should never be starched, and most lace needs no stiffening. The best mode of doing it up is that which least displaces the original threads or mesh, or changes the beauty of the work; squeezing or wringing are, of course, out of the question. "I have always found the washing on a bottle the wisest and safest way, using a large bottle for large pieces. Cover the bottle first with old cotton, wind the lace on it carefully, and then cover it smoothly with a piece of plain net; soak and wash, and, if it needs bleaching, or there are any spots in it, lay the bottle in a pan of water sufficiently deep to cover it entirely and set it in the sun. Hardly any spot is proof against this. "The lace will often be in perfect order if left to dry on the bottle after being rinsed, or, if taken off when nearly dry, it may be delicately smoothed with light and careful fingers. "This method is the least troublesome, the most merciful to the lace; and the wisest every way, saving all wear and tear in washing. It is heart-breaking to see elegant lace pulled and starched. Those who are wisest in lace wear it in its yellow state, its color being proof of its age and rarity.

BARTY SHEEHAN AND THE IRISH GHOST.

(Friendly Visitor.)

PERHAPS there are few phrase of the inspired Book—full as it is of statements that run counter to instinctive horror of the grave—which, when first heard, are more startling than this: "Blessed are the dead"—words found at the beginning of a well-known verse in the "Apocalypse" or "Revelation." How they struck upon Barty Sheehan's ear, and their result upon his mind and character, is the subject of what follows.

Barty Sheehan was a very poor man. An old stokcing without a leg to it was his purse, and it never got holding anything beyond a coin in silver His two or three fowls, too valuable to kill, were spared for their eggs, while the pot was set "a-bilin'" only with "praties." And as for a Bible, Barty, at the time of whichwe now write, would as soon have thought of having the Pope himself as the Word of God in his dwelling.

His little cabin stood by itself up a "lonan"—that is, a little road—at some distance from the town of Bally——. We do not complete the name, as we do not wish its site to be known; and as many places begin with Bally, which in Irish means town, the exact situation of his abode will remain a secret. And, indeed, nothing could be gained by revealing it, for his habitation was as wretched a one as you would be likely to "set eyes on" between Cape Clear and the Giant's Causeway. It was, at the period before us, mud-walled, small, low, and smoky; and had been long built, so that the thatch, unrenewed, had become brown and rotten. Even the very door was decayed and off its hinges, which last fact—strange as the assertion may seem—led to very happy sequences in Barty Sheehan's history.

About half a mile from his home was an ancient church and graveyard, in an out-of-the way locality. At one period, indeed, the main road passed near it. But fifty years ago a new thoroughfare was made, which caused the former highway to be neglected: that now was seldom traversed, except when a corpse was borne to the old burial-ground; for, like many similar spots in Ireland, the people in the whole district were, from long use, attached to it as a place of sepulture for their dead. So many graves in consequence had been made in it that there was no room for another, and the existing graves were so full that oftentimes the remains of one body, with its mouldering coffin, had to be removed to make room for a newcomer. The human bones were usually buried in a heap, while the boards of the coffins were piled in a recess of the sacred enclosure.

One evening, towards the close of autumn, Barty Sheehan, in returning from his work at a farm in the neighborhood, had to pass the old church ruin. He had a dread of such places, and, indeed, of all thoughts in connection with death; but, somehow—why he could never exactly say—he did not on this occasion take the path around the broken fence, but the one that led right through the burial ground. Such paths frequently exist, and are often unprotected even by a stile; for in many districts in Ireland there is a strange and unbecoming disregard of the sacredness of the graveyard. Strange, we say, for none are so poignant in grief for their dead as the people in Ireland.

Whistling as he went, to keep his courage up, Barty had nearly reached the end of the path between the graves when, unfortunately, his eye fell upon a pile of coffin boards in the recess which has been spoken of; and perceiving that some of them were sound and good, the thought flashed across his mind that two or three of them, nailed together, would make a capital door to replace the decayed one in his cabin. No one was looking on; and those for whom the coffins had been made would never again want then. What then was the use, he thought, of leaving them, "wid out a ha'porth o' good to any one, to rot where they were lying? more betide when a dacent man like himself could keep out the coming winter's rain and cowld wid them." True, "it would be robbin' the dead, God save us!" as he said to himself, and this idea disconcerted him; yet he'd run the chance for, no "poliss," it was certain, could "bother" him from the other world, and dead men told no tales. Forming this conclusion in his mind, Barty chose from the heap before him three of the best and broadest boards, jerked them on his shoulder, and soon, in the gathering shades of evening, was on his way, with a conscience somewhat uneasy, no doubt, but with a rapid step, to his poor little dwelling. That night, having tacked the boards together, he placed them before the doorway in a temporary manner, intending "to make a good job of it" when he got hinges in the town on the morrow. The boards, resting on the floor, did not reach to the top of the doorway, and the last thing that Barty remembered before falling asleep was seeing the moon, and a big star near it, peeping at him through an opening a foot in height above the boarding which he had erected.

He slept sound that night: but in the early gray of the morning he was awakened by a noise at the entrance of his dwelling, and his eyes, still dim with sleep, were directed towards the opening through which he had seen the moon on the night before, as has been mentioned. The moon was not there, for it had long set, but something else was, and it was dark in color, and moved between him and the light of the morning. Considerably alarmed, he rubbed his eyes to clear his vision, in order to be sure he had made no mistake, and also to get a distinct view of what the object really was that had appeared to him. "The saints preserve us!" cried Barty, when he had done this, as well he might; for a black bearded face, with staring eyes, and armed with long and sharp horns, was looking at him sternly from the top of the boarded partition in the doorway. It was a goat which, strolling by, had been attracted by the strange barricade which Barty had set up, and to satiosfy his curisity had mounted his fore legs on the boarding, and thrust his head into Barty's dwelling to see who or what was in there. The poor man, however, was too frightened to understand this; and, ignorant and superstitious, he first believed it was Satan who had come to disturb his rest, and perhaps kill him; but after a little this persuasion gave way to one as terrible—namely, this: that it was not the Evil One, but the owner of the coffin boards, who had come, and with no loss of time, in his indignation, to demand his stolen property. Barty's hair stood on end with terror, and the perspiration, in large drops, beaded his brow; he shook in every limb, and power of speech failed him.

As soon, however, as utterance was restored, with husky voice he cried: "Mr. Ghost, whoever you are, for the love o' heaven, spare me! Yer coffin I only tuk, yer honor, bekase I made shure you'd niver want it. Indeed and in troth, yer honor, it's the truth I'm tellin' ye. On my binded knees I'd ask yer forgiveness, only with the fright o' seein' ye—and I beg yer pardon for sayin' it—I haven't a leg to stand on. But this I promise ye, and I'll keep to it as if I tuk my solemn oath—that I'll carry back yer boards safe and sound again" We give his exact words, for we have often heard him narrate the goat's visit, and Barty, at the time of its occurrence, was fully under the impression that his prayer to

the angry ghost was heard; for the goat, no doubt, alarmed by his vehemence, drew back its head from the doorway, got down upon all fours, and scampered from the cabin.

When certain that his unwelcome visitor was gone, and that without hurting him, and after such an interval as would, in his calculation, give the ghost time to reach the old burial-ground, Barty rose from his bed, and, crossing and blessing himself, prepared to accomplish his solemn engagement. Taking the door to pieces again, he mounted the boards upon his back, and by unfrequented paths, so as to avoid meeting any of his neighbors, stole his way towards the spot from which he had carried the same burden on the previous evening.

He had reached the ancient graveyard, and had passed round the old ruin to come to the recess where he was to restore the ghost his property, when he had suddenly to withdraw himself, for a funeral procession, until now hidden from his view by the ancient church, which had stood between him and it, was about to enter the burial-place. He had only time to hide in a hollow of the ground near, when the bearers of the coffin, without, however, observing him, passed not far from where he lay.

It was the body of a Protestant which was being borne to its last home. Until two generations before, the family of the Behans had continued in what many call the "owld faith," but at the period stated they abandoned it; not, however, strictly speaking, for another faith, but for the same belief, only purified from the corruptions which, in the course of ages, had been added to it. In other words, they had left human inventions and traditions for a Church whose only basis of doctrine is "the written Word." The Behans, however, did not desert the old graveyard where for ages their ancestors had been buried: they chose it still for their last resting-place. Hence the Protesant fun r.l in the ancient burial-ground this morning.

In the usual way the officiating clergyman met the coffin at the churchyard gate, and then, on heading the procession to the grave, repeated, in clear and seonorous voice, the appointed texts of Scripture: "I am the Resurrection and the life" (saith the Lord). "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,"&c., &c.

Barty was so near he could not but hear every word that was said, but at first it was against his will. To attend a Protestant funeral was contrary to the directions of his religious teacher, and his conscience stung him as he thought of this, even though he was present without design, especially when he made out, by stealing a glance at the mourners, that it was one of the "turncoat" Behans that was being borne to his grave. After a little, however, the sublime statements, direct from the word of God, which he heard excited his curiosity, and then, soon after, came with strange fascination and power to his untutored mind, and, above all, those contained in the verse, part of which we have given at the commencement of our narrative, and which were uttered at short intervals:—"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write,—From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:—even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

Barty did not venture to come from his concealment until the burial service was completed, and not then before he made sure that every one at the funeral had gone out of sight of the old grave-yard. When the coast was clear, as he expressed it, he rose from the ground, put the boards, as he had promised the ghost, in their proper recess, and then hastened towards his home; but he had heard words that were to influence his life and destiny for ever.

The wonderful effect of Scripture texts upon some persons' minds, which are heard countless times, with no due spiritual result, by thousands of others, is one of the mysteries of God's ways, and is a demonstration of His direct work upon the human soul. Some, "having ears, hear not, and having eyes, see not;" while others, as if their whole inner nature were awakened, receive, as in a flash of light, God's truth revealed from heaven. And it was thus with Barty Sheehan on the morning of the funeral. The words he heard, opposed though they were to all his early notions and instructions, came to him with a self-manifesting power that gave him to feel they were divine.

"Blessed are the dead!" said he to himself, as, lost in thought, he quietly sauntered home. "Well, I'm blest if ever I heard the likes. But can it be thrue, I wondher? Shure, boys o' man, the dead, even thim that led the best o' lives in this world, are in the fires o' purgatory; and the thought o' that has often brought cowld dread to my heart. For oh! burnin' for day, and months, and years, must be all out terrible!

"But thin, I remember, it was said 'Blessed are the dead,' was a 'voice from heaven.' Yes, *from heaven*," he added, as he glanced upwards; "it must be thrue thin, for it's Satan, and not God, that is a liar. Arrah! but I wish to my very heart that I could understand it and be certain about it, for if it be thrue, it's the best news, Barty Sheehan, you've heard this twelvemonth.

"And what's this cum after thim words? Ay, I have it," said Barty, still to himself, after a short pause; "it was this, 'Blessed are the dead *which die in the Lord*.' Well now, but that does sound quare," he continued, in his soliloquy, "and yet it also sounds beautiful. But what on earth can it mane, though? Faix! it fairly puzzles me to know. I have heerd of dying in the 'rale owld Church,' and in 'the true Catholic Faith,' ay, and in the robe of St. Francis or St. Dominick, for the matther o' that; but the words, 'dyin' in the Lord,' though they do sound well—glory be to God! and must mane something deep and grand, bates me ontirely. Would to God I could meet wid some wan that would insinse me into it. But who in the world, Barty Sheehan, could ye ask to do that?" asked the poor fellow of himself. "Father O'Conner would only put the worst of o' penance on ye for bein' at Behan's berrin,' and the neighbors know as little about the matther as yourself; and as for goin' to the parson, why, it 'ud be more ner yer life is worth, and you dare not. God help us!" he continued, "what am I to do? Och! but the heart within me is sore wid the hunger o' knowin'."

Next day Barty went, as usual, to his employment on the farm where he usually worked, and which lay, as we have said, farther from from his house than the old graveyard. It was the "pratie-diggin'" season, and Barty on one ridge and a neighbor not very well known to him on another, were working away in raising from the soil the crop of potatoes. Not being well acquainted, they wrought on for some time in silence, when Barty was greatly surprised and much alarmed by his companion in toil asking him "what he was afther in Bally———graveyard on the previous morning." Barty gave a startled look at his questioner, whilst his heart leaped to his throat and beat violently.

"Yes," said Harry Benson (for that was his comrade's name), "there's no use at all in denyin' it, for with my two eyes I seen you get from where you lay, and cary thim boards to the heap in the corner. I didn't leave with the rest afther funeral, but went for a little into the owld church, for I hadn't been it for years, and from the big east window saw you move to where I have said; and, shure enough, it's myself wondhered what on airth ye could be afther."

As Harry Benson perceived, the first impulse of Barty was to deny his presence in the churchyard, and, with as bold a front as he could assume, to insist that his companion for the day had been quite mistaken, and must have taken some one else for him. But the fixed look and firm assertion of his interrogator gave him to see at once that any prevarication would be useless; and, indeed, on second thoughts, he rather liked the idea of telling some one of the visit he had from the ghost, for the heart burns with the effort to keep anything wonderful for long a secret.

As he proceeded with his story, Benson, who at first was awed at Barty's description of the spectre, began to smile, and then to titter, and at last, as Barty concluded, he burst out into laughter; for, being quick withal, he soon perceived what were the real facts of the case.

"Well, that bates Bannagher!" he exclaimed.

"Why, you omadhawn, and forgive me for so calling ye," he added. "It was Jerry O'Reilly's goat, man alive, that was only givin' ye a mornin's call, to see how ye war, and to say, God save ye; and, by the same token, it's only an hour or two ago that Jerry himself was tellin' me how the owld thief of a goat had, a couple o' nights afore, broke his tether, and give him no end o' bother in rovin' over the hills afther him; but, it's too bad, Barty, to take a goat for a Christian"

Barty had the common sense to see that Benson was perfectly right in his surmise as to the apparition which had so greatly alarmed him, and the sagacity which his comrade displayed encouraged him to open up to him his other difficulty.

Here Benson showed no disposition to mirth; he rather was mournfully interested and sad; and when Barty was done, said gravely.

"Ah, friend Barty, you touch my own conscience now; as I think you know, I belong to what you call the Protestant Church. I should know my Bible well, and understand it too; but, alas! I'm sorry to say I don't—at least, at all as I should; but old Willy McKee will be able to tell you all about it. As you know, afther a godly life, whatever his worst inimies can't deny, he's almost cum to his end, poor fellow, although it 'ill be a blessed change for him; and as his little cottage lies out from the town, ye can make yer way to it without anybody bein' the wiser. If you like, I'll go there wid ye; but I think it 'id be betther for you to see him alone. You needn't be shy about it, for I'm certain he'll be delighted to have a talk wid ye about thim things ye were speakin' of."

Barty felt likewise that a visit alone to Willy McKee would be the wiser course, and that evening saw him, after it was dark, at the bedridden man's dwelling.

(To be Continued.)

AS TO THE USE OF TOBACCO.—The trustees of Williston Serminary, Mass., have sent circulars to their patrons inquiring their views as to two points: 1. "Ought smoking in public places to be prohibited?" and 2. "Ought smoking in one's own room to be probited?"

The Family Circle.

THE PEONY.

Still shines that Sabbath morn for me,
  Its breeze still whispers low;
'Twas yesterday; it cannot be
  'Twas thirty years ago,
A little girl, in broad-brimmed hat,
In the old meeting-house I sat;
The southwind through the doorway blew,
And the old deacon, in the pew
In front, looked back and gave to me,
Full blown, a crimson peony.

What sudden sense of wealth was mine!
  To my delighted eyes,
It seemed a blossom such as might
  Have grown in Paradise;
So wide its silken petals spread,
So rich its robe of royal red,
Pinks, roses, lilies, violets, all
My garden blossoms, great and small,
Seemed poor, pale, common things to me,
By that resplendent peony!

In what serene content I spent
  That ofttimes weary hour,
My little head in rapture bent
  Above that matchless flower!
The prayer and hymn were both unheard;
I lost the sermon, every word;
But, O, what charms, unseen before,
For me, that gray, old deacon wore!
The best of men I thought must be
The giver of that peony.

Time flies with swallow's wings away;
  I count the years, and know
That Sabbath was not yesterday,
  But thirty years ago;
The very meeting-house is gone,
We gathered in that summer morn;
The preacher's voice is hushed, and wave
The daisies o'er the deacon's grave;
But, fresh and fragrant, still for me
Unfading, blooms that peony—

Still bright, as when, above its breast
  That happy day I smiled;
O blest, for aye the gift is blest
  Bestowed upon a child!
It has a worth beyond its own,
A charm to all things else unknown!
How perfect is the joy it gives!
How long in memory it lives!
And childhood's spell yet makes for me
A flower of flowers, the peony!

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

ALWAYS BEHINDHAND.

BY M. D. K.

Supper was ready and waiting. Our guest had not arrived, but there was another train an hour later. Should the family wait for my friend, or should I alone, who was the personage especially to be visited? My father paced the floor nervously, as was his wont when he felt disturbed. He had the evening papers to read, and he never opened them until after tea. This was a habit of his. He was very fixed—or, as some express it, "set"—in his little ways. It was Bridget's evening out, and she had begun to show a darkened visage. Bridget was no friend to "company," and it was policy to conciliate her. So the family seated themselves at the table, and I sat near, waiting until brother John should be ready to accompany me a second time to the station.

"What about this young lady friend of yours, Nelly?" asked my father. "Is she one of the unreliable sort—a little addicted to tardiness, that is?"

"I am obliged to confess, papa, that at boarding-school, where I longest knew Jeannette, she was inclined to be dilatory; but that was years ago. It is to be hoped that she has changed since then."

"I should wish to have very little to do with a behindhand person," said my father, shaking his head very gravely.

"Oh, papa!" I remonstrated, "you will not condemn a dear friend for one single fault. Jeannette is beautiful and accomplished, sensible and good-tempered. Everybody thinks she is splendid."

"She may have very pleasant qualities, but I tell you, girls," he added with sudden emphasis, "that a want of punctuality vitiates the whole character. No one is good for much who cannot be depended upon; and what dependence is to be placed on a man who is not up to his engagements? In business, such a man is nowhere; and in social life a dawdling, dilatory man or woman is simply a pest. But mind, my child, I am not characterizing your friend; we cannot tell about her till we see."

The later train brought my friend. She was profuse in her regrets; she had been belated by a mistake in the time; her watch was slow. As she was pouring forth a torrent of regrets and apologies, I observed my father bestowing glances of evident admiration at the fair speaker, while the rich color came and went in her cheeks and her eyes kindled with animation. Truly, beauty covers a multitude of faults. Sister Bell, who was as punctual as my father, was appeased, and promised to take care of the tea-things and let Bridget go out. My father good-naturedly offered to regulate the halting watch by the true time.

To her chamber we went together, to talk as girls do talk when they meet in this way, after a long separation. Folding me in her arms, she told me all about her recent engagement to George Allibone; showed me her engagement ring, and her lover's photograph. It was a noble head finely poised, and a most engaging face, and my ready and cordial admiration was a new bond of sympathy. It took until nearly midnight to say all that we girls, aged twenty, had to say to each other; and this, in addition to the fatigues of travel, was accepted as an excuse for Jenny's tardiness at breakfast. She really had meant to be early.

But this was only the beginning. Throughout the whole three weeks of her visit, she was scarcely punctual in a single case where time was definitely appointed. She was late in rising, late at meals, late at church and for excursions, and, to our profound mortification, late for dinner appointments, even when parties were made especially on her account. She seemed sorry and mortified, but on each occasion she would do the same thing over again.

"What *can* she be doing?" my mother sometimes asked in perplexity, when my sister and I were ready and waiting.

"Doing her hair, mother," we answered, "and she will do it over until it suits her, be it early or late."

"Oh, these hair works!" sighed my mother. "How much tardiness at church and elsewhere is due to over-fastidious hair-dressing! What is that line of good George Herbert's? 'Stay not for the other pin.' I think he must have meant hair-pins."

My sister and I sometimes agreed between ourselves to compel her to readiness by standing by, to help her in her preparations; but in vain. She must write a letter or finish a story before making her toilet. Why not accomplish the toilet first, to be sure of it—any time remaining, for the other purposes? She didn't *like* to do so. No philosopher could tell why. It is an unaccountable, mysterious something, rooted deep in some people's natures—this aversion to being beforehand. I have seen it in other people since the time when it so puzzled and troubled me in Jenny. It marred the pleasure of the visit most miserably. I was continually fearing the displeasure of my father and the discomfort of my mother. The whole household were disturbed by what seemed to them downright rudeness.

"Now, Jenny," I would plead, "do be early, dear, when papa comes with the carriage. It annoys him dreadfully to wait."

She would promise to "try."

"But pray, Jenny, why need you have to try. It is easy enough. For my part, I never will make any one wait for me. I go without being ready, if need be, or I stay behind."

I had come to talk very plainly to her, out of love and good-will, as well as, sometimes, from vexation of spirit. For the twentieth time she would tell me how truly she had meant to be punctual in some given case, and that she should have been so but that she was hindered when nearly ready by some unforeseen occurrence.

"But, my dear, unforeseen hindrances will often occur, and you must lay your account with them, and give yourself extra time. You will run the risk of meeting some great calamity by trusting, as you do, to the last minute."

And the calamity did befall her. Mr. Allibone spent a day with us. We were anticipating with great pleasure a second visit, when a telegram arrived requesting Jenny to meet him in Boston on the succeeding morning. A business emergency had summoned him abroad very suddenly, and he was to embark for Liverpool in the evening.

We all sympathized with Jenny in the startling effect of this sudden announcement, and offered her every sort of help when the hour for her departure was at hand. She had only to compose herself and prepare for the journey. Sister Bell would arrange her hair and bring her dress, and she would be spared all effort. She seemed grateful, but was sure she could be ready without troubling any one. She dreamed not how much she was, even then, troubling us, for we were beginning to tremble lest she should somehow manage to be late for this, her only train.

She kissed us all twice over when the hackman arrived at the door; but, suddenly glancing in the mirror and observing how ashen was her usually brilliant complexion, she declared against wearing the gray cashmere in which she was dressed, of a hue so like her face. George must not meet her thus. She seized her black silk, with which, in spite of remonstances, she proceeded to array herself. There was time enough; the carriage must surely be too early. Alas! for the ripping out of gathers, in the violence of her haste, and for the loopings of her skirt, not to be dispensed with! Horses could not be made to do the work of five minutes in three.

She saw the cars move off without her!

"It is beyond my comprehension," said my father, when he came home to dinner. "I can understand tardiness," he continued, categorically, "as the result of indolence. Lazy people dread effort and postpone it. There is a man in my employ who continues to work sometimes after hours. The men tell me that he is actually too lazy to leave off work and put away his tools. But Miss Jeannette seems active and energetic."

"She miscalculates, papa," I said. "She always imagines there is plenty of time until the last minute."

"But herein is the mystery," persisted my father. "Whence this uniformity of dereliction? Why not sometimes too early and sometimes just in the right time, instead of always and everywhere late, and making others late?"

"Poor girl!" said my mother, whose compassion was uppermost. "I pity her with all my heart; yet it is not a case of life and death. This trial may be attended with beneficial results. We will hope so."

I am sorry that this hope was apparently not to be realized. The lesson failed to be read aright. Jeannette recovered her serenity, and resumed her tardy ways. A yet severer lesson was needed, and it came.

The steamer in which, after an absence of ten or twelve weeks, George Allibone was to embark for home, was lost, and not a passenger saved.

My father took me at once to my poor stricken friend, in her distant home. Pale and dumb with grief, yet with tearless eyes, she let us take her almost lifeless hand. From her bloodless lips came only the low, anguished cry, "If only I had said farewell!"

What comfort in words? We offered none. My father's eyes brimmed over, and my heart was breaking for my poor Jeannette.

But relief came speedily. The joyful news was received that George was safe, having made a necessary change in his plans, and would arrive in a fortnight. Jeannette came up from the depths. What should her thank-offering be? She made the resolution to become at once faithful to her appointments, prompt and reliable. It was not that she would try—she would speak the commanding words "I will."

She has kept her resolution. Writing to me, after a lapse of years, she said: "You will hardly know your dilatory friend. I remember and practise your advice of former years, to be first ready for my appointments, and to reserve other work for the interval of waiting after I am ready. It is surprising how often I find not a moment left for waiting. Still, I feel the old tendency to procrastinate, and I am obliged steadfastly to resist it. 'Delays are dangerous,' as our old writing-copies used to run; the sentiment is hackneyed, but oh, how true! George says he owes you ten thousand thanks for your faithful counsel, and we shall speak them when you make us the visit of which we feel so sure because your promises, as I well know, are faithfully kept."

—*St. Nicholas.*

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

(*From the Standard*).

"O what a lovely bunch of pansies! Is it possible they are for me?" I exclaimed to a tiny, brown-eyed girl who placed a fragrant bouquet of the gold and purple dewy blooms in my hammock in which I was idly swinging under the big maple.

"Aunty Lee sent them," said the wee child, "and she hopes the mountain air will soon make you well, and she's your neighbor, down under the hill."

"Who is this neighborly Aunty Lee?" I asked the woman with whom I boarded when next she came within hearing of my voice.

"O, then she's sent you some posies," replied talkative Mrs. Evans, coming briskly from the garden and sitting down on the steps of the little porch. "I was a wonderin' tew myself not tew minutes ago how long 'twould be afore she'd find out about ye an' send ye suthin. I can't see, for my part, how she can afford to do as she does."

"Why, what does she do?" I enquired. "Oh, she says she aims to be neighborly, and if anybody happens to be sick anywheres around she sends 'em little things to eat an' flowers to cheer 'em up, as she says; and she always has her knittin' work in her pocket and her 'odd job o' knittin'' as she calls it, grows eout like magic into gloves and mittens and wristlets an' stockins that she gives away."

"To her friends, people fully able to buy them, I suppose."

"Oh dear, no. To poor children an' tew ole men an' women that, I 'spose, are real needy, an' that set great store to her warm and handsome presents, for her yarns are as bright as her flowers, an' I've told my man a good many times that the color went half toward makin' her little gift so welcome. An' then she has so much comp'ny."

"Rich people from the city, whose visits she returns?"

"Oh, land sakes, no; poor folks that are tickled most to death to get a invitation to her pleasant little home. Yis, her home is an amazin' pleasant one, though her man is only a poor mechanic. She's always a sayin' that she'd rather dew a little good every day as she goes along, than tew be a waiting to dew some great thing when she gets able, and then, p'raps, lose her opportunity and never do nothin'. I told her one day last year, says I, Mis' Lee, says I, I should a rather be a puttin' by a little sumthin' in the bank for a rainy day, than to be a givin' away all the time. And, says she, Mrs. Evings, says she, 'That's your way an' it's a good way. I don't find no fault with it, but all these little things that I give away would never git into the bank, an' so you see, they'd be lost, an' I should pass away without ever doin' anything for my Master. An' I don't want to go to bed a night without thinkin' that I have that day tried tew lighten some fellow mortal's burden, brought a smile to some face, or a streak o' sunshine to some heart, if it's only givin' a bunch of posies in the right speret.'"

"And these flowers cost her a good deal, first and last, I suppose?" said I, caressing my pansies.

"Oh, 'twould cost me a good deal to run sich a flower-garden as she does, but Mis' Lee says she's not strong, so she gits fresh air, sun-baths and exercise in her garden, and spends her time workin' in there, instead of visitin'. She returns all her calls by sendin' her compl'ments with a bunch o' posies."

"She hires some one to carry them about, I presume?"

"Massy, no. There isn't a child in the village but what would run its legs off for Aunty Lee," and having finished shelling her mess of peas, my talkative little hostess trotted off about her work again, saying, as she disappeared through the door-way, "It's well enough to be neighborly, of course, but Mis' Lee may see the time when she'd a wished she had a leetle sumthin' eout at interest."

The Vermont mountain air agreed with me, my health gradually improving, and I stayed on and on, week after week, spending a great part of my time, when the weather did not positively forbid, in my hammock under the maples. As yet I had not once seen my neighbor, Auntie Lee, but grew to love her on account of the pretty nosegays that daily found their way from her hand to mine by one and another child messenger.

One night, late in August, there was a heavy thunder shower. The sudden downfall of rain swelled the little river that skirted our village to a veritable mountain torrent. A mill-dam some miles up the stream had broken away and the angry flood came rushing down, sweeping all before it.

"Aunty Lee's husband's shop has gone," shouted my hostess, Mrs. Evans, as she knocked at my door in the early morning after the storm; "and that's not the worst on't, for her garden is all washed eout and undermined, so that it'll take a purty pile o' money tew fix it up again, if ever 'tis fixed. I wonder now ef Mis' Lee don't wish she hadn't been quite so neighborly, and so had a little sumthin' eout at interest," and it really seemed to me as if the brisk little woman chucked to herself as she patted down the stairs.

In less than half an hour she came back to my room with as doleful looking a visage as I ever saw. "Whatever is agoin' to become o' me and my man," cried she; "an' we a gittin' to be old folk, tew. Our savins' were all in the stock comp'ny up to Minotsville, because they paid more interest than the bank, we only tuk it eout o' the bank a little while ago, and neow their old mill has gone clean off, an' they'll all go tew gineral smash and we along with 'em," and this time she went slowly groaning down the stairs. I could not help pitying the poor woman from the bottom of my heart.

There was great excitement in the little village as a matter of course, but Auntie Lee was reported to be as "chipper" as ever. The nosegay came to me every day as usual, not quite so many, nor so great a variety as formerly, for a part of the garden had been washed away, but enough to give me an increased admiration for the sweet old lady who was so persistent and unwearying in her neighborly acts of kindness.

The next Monday's local newspapers had

this unique notice at the head of the village items:

"All who have ever been the recipients of kindly deeds from 'Aunty Lee,' and who would like to reciprocate now, in her day of misfortune, are invited to bring their supper to Oak Grove on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock, and talk the matter over a 'neighborly' cup of tea."

At the time appointed I had a carrige come to take my hostess and me, and my basket of cakes and buns fresh from the bakery, to the beautiful grove. As we were driven along I was surprised to see so many people, lunch-baskets in hand, speeding in the same direction.

"Almost everybody in town is going," said Mrs. Evans, "high an' low, rich an' poor."

As I was being assisted to a seat a gentle, motherly little woman spread a soft shawl over the back of the chair intended for me, and quickly folded another shawl for my lame foot to rest upon.

"This is 'Aunty Lee,'" said Mrs. Evans, and the sweet faced little woman and I looked in each other's faces with a little curiosity, perhaps, as well as sympathy, and shook hands cordially. "I don't know what all these good people are to do with Elijah and me," she said with a smile that was as genial as a sunbeam, "but the minister would have us come, and he and his wife drove around for us."

The minister ascended the platform just then, and after tenderly yet impressively invoking the Divine blessing, he looked down benignly upon the faces upturned to his and with a touching intonation of voice asked, "Who is my neighbor?" He then went on to tell how Aunty Lee had answered that question in regard to himself.

"When I first became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Lee," he said, "I was finishing my theological studies here in the village with Dr. Mills, and they had just married and settled down in their little house yonder, which they had inherited. One day I was sent for to preach on trial in the adjoining town of Luxboro'. My only coat was worn threadbare and extensively patched, and I had no way of procuring another. Feeling sorely grieved and dispirited I started out for a walk, and for the sake of telling my trouble to some fellow-creature, and with no thought of receiving any aid in the premises, I turned in to Mrs. Lee's house and read her the invitation I had had from Luxboro', and frankly told her why I could not go at present."

"Leave it to the Lord," said the good woman, and forthwith she proceeded to take my measure with a piece of tape. "Go home," she continued, "write your sermon and come here again Saturday morning."

"I obeyed. I subsequently found that the woman had actually taken a piece of cloth that she had laid by in the house for a cloak for herself, and, tailoress as she was by trade, had cut and made me a coat from it. I preached my first sermon in it, and shortly received and accepted my first call."

"Oh, dear," whispered Aunty Lee from her seat by my side, "he's paid me for that coat every New Year's day since, and it wasn't much for me to do, after all."

Major Sanford, the richest man in town, was the next to take the stand. The old people smiled and nodded their heads, but the young folks looked at each other and wondered what he could be indebted to Aunty Lee for.

"When I was a boy," the Major began, "I was bound out in H—— to a very, very bad master, from whom I determined to run away. I availed myself of an opportunity to escape one Saturday afternoon, when I was sent to the pasture to salt the cattle. I came straight over the mountain to this place. I wanted to get out of the state as soon as possible, so came directly to the bridge down here at the river, which is, you all know, the New Hampshire boundary. Just after I had stepped upon Vermont soil I overtook, on the road, Mr and Mrs. Lee, young people then. They had a basket and a spade, and had been digging up wild flowers to transplant into their garden. Although an entire stranger, they accosted me kindly. Noticing that I had been crying, Mrs. Lee asked me my trouble. Before I knew it I had blurted out the whole story, and had been invited by her to go home with them and stay over Sunday. I was, of course, only too grateful to accept the invitation. After supper we set out the plants, and then Mr. Lee took me with him down the hill to the bank of the 'brook,' as we called it then, and into his little machine-shop. I soon evinced my fondness for tools, and confided to him an invention that had, in a crude form, long had possession of my brain. Being a natural mechanic, he saw the utility of my invention at a glance. The subject was not mentioned on the morrow, which was a quiet, restful day to me. Mrs. Lee loaned me a clean linen suit belonging to her husband, and I went to church with them. The next day Mr. Lee went over to H—— and made terms with my master, because Mrs. Lee said she could not allow me to feel like a 'runaway.' Then Mr. Lee took me into his employment and gave me a corner in his shop where I could, at odd moments, work at my model. My invention proved a success and made my fortune, as you all know. I am thankful, my friends, that I am able to-day to repair the damages done to the dear little homestead and to rebuild my old friend's shop," and Major Sanford sat down wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, while his delighted audience applauded vociferously.

"Dear heart," said Aunty Lee to me, "what was he talking about? He's paid us over and over, and he's tried and tried to make Elijah go into partnership with him, but he wouldn't, and I wouldn't let him."

Then followed one-minute speeches by the score. "They kept me three months when I was sick and homeless," said one. "I made their house my home for weeks when I was out of work," said another. Ten homeless working girls were married in their parlor and went out into the world with their blessing. There was a great number of touching little speeches from those who had received flowers and delicacies in illness and warm garments in times of need.

And so from them all flowed out contributions of money, the greater part of which was safely placed in a bank for the benefit of the Lees when old age and failing strength should overtake them.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Evans to Aunty Lee, "you've been lendin' ter the Lord, and he pays the best interest, arter all. I never could understand before; but I dew now."

"There are none of us so poor that we cannot give such as we have. A smile or a kind word even will come back to us in kind," said Aunty Lee, and we all brushed away the tears that we could not suppress while those touching speeches were being made, and went to our homes.

FEEDING GHOSTS IN CHINA.

The carpenter who has been making our new book-case says he wants to go to his home for a few days—some work is awaiting him there; the Chinese writer says he wishes to go—there is a message to be sent in the direction of his village, he can carry it, and, being at leisure, can spend a few days with his family; our house-boy says he, also, must go—his "muddar" has been sick, is now "more better," and he must go and see her.

And so the carpenter and the writer have gone, and the boy is going; but it seems so strange, their all asking to go at the same time, that I suspect that at least part of them have some untold reason for it, and, when I remind myself that it is now the last of August, that it is the time of the full moon, and that last night our Chinese neighbors were going about out of doors carrying bowls of boiled rice, and that in front of the houses in the street near by were little fires with those thin filmy ash-flakes that remained from burned paper scattered about them, I feel sure that I have guessed the reason, and that it is a wish to celebrate at their own homes the Festival of Burning Clothes, and the friendless Ghosts' Feast.

The Chinese think that persons after they are dead need the same things as when they are alive and that if they are not supplied with them they can revenge themselves upon people in this world, bringing them ill-health or bad luck in business. This being the case, of course, people try to keep the ghosts of their relations in as comfortable and quiet a state as they can.

If a father should die, his friends, while he remained unburied, would every day put a dish of rice, and, perhaps, a basin of water, by his coffin, so that his ghost might eat and wash. Afterwards, they would at times carry food and drink to his grave, or place it before the wooden tablet, which, to honor him, would be set up in his house. To supply him with clothes and money, or anything else he might need, like a house, a boat or a chair, paper imitations of these things would be made and burned, after which it would be thought the ghost could make use of them. Fifteen days at this season of the year are considered the most lucky time for making these offerings. Large quantities of clothes and other paper articles are then sold, and there is a great burning of them all over the country.

Besides these well-to-do family ghosts, there is another class of whom people are dreadfully afraid. These are the spirits of very wicked men, and of childless persons who have left nobody behind them in this world to care for them. They are supposed to be wandering about in a most forlorn condition, and to be able to do a great deal of mischief. To put them in good humor, and to induce them to keep out of the way of the living, a feast is made for them every summer.

For several years past this feast has been given in an open plot of ground just outside our yard and under our sitting-room windows, so that I have often seen it, though I am obliged to say I have never spied any ghosts coming to eat of it.

Every year the ceremonies are the same. Early in the day four tall poles are planted in the ground about a dozen feet apart, and so placed as to mark a square; about twenty feet from the ground a wooden floor is built between the poles. A few men who stand upon this platform direct everything. Usually, one or two of them seem to be priests; once I recognized the leader as an expert juggler whose tricks I had witnessed only a short time before. A part of the feast had been made ready beforehand and is at once arranged on the platform. At two corners are placed ornamented cones, six or eight feet high, which, I suppose, it is expected will appear to the ghosts to be solid cakes, but which are, in reality, only bamboo frames, thinly plastered over with a mixture of flour and sugar; besides these are green oranges, other fresh fruits, and articles of different kinds. Soon offerings of food begin to come in from the neighborhood, and are drawn up by ropes to the platform; these are, mostly, baskets of boiled rice, and have a bit of wood holding a red paper stuck in the middle of the rice. I suppose the giver's name is upon the paper, and after the feast the baskets seem to be restored to the persons who brought them; the rice can be taken away, and eaten at home.

At length, the platform is well laden with food, which remains exposed in the sun and wind for several hours, during which time a great noise is kept up with gongs and other musical instruments, partly, I suppose, like a dinner bell to call the ghosts, and partly to amuse the men and boys who gather in an interested crowd around the platform.

Late in the afternoon the head men begin to distribute the feast. The baskets of food are carefully lowered; the cakes are broken up, and the pieces, with the oranges and other fruits, are flung hither and thither among the crowd, who scramble merrily after them, sometimes half a dozen rushing after the same fragment, and now and then a man trying to clamber up the poles to secure a portion before it falls. When the stage is cleared the crowd disperses, and the Ghosts' Feast is ended.

In this region the people are very poor, but in a large and rich community this festivity would be kept with splendor even, and with much cost.

Last year a part of the wooden framework fell, and one man was injured. I think this may make the old ground seem unlucky to the Chinese, and lead them to seek a new place for this year's feast.

Let us hope that they will do so, for to have a set of the most wicked and unhappy ghosts asked to dinner under one's windows, is not, after all, so amusing as it is noisy and sadly foolish.—*Mrs. S. C. Wingate, in July "Wide Awake."*

COMMANDER JAMIE.

There lived in a Scotch village a very little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him very dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly; but he showed such an anxiety to go and see the distant countries which he had read about, that she finally consented. As the boy left home the good woman said to him, "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down, every night and morning, and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie, and soon he was on shipboard, bound for India. They had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he kneeled down to pray

On the return voyage, things were not quite so pleasant. Some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, and one of these proved a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, this wicked sailor went up to him, and giving him a sound box on the ear, said in a very decided tone, "None of that here, sir."

Another seaman who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come up on deck, and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well-deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said, "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another dressing."

The next night Jamie was tempted to do a very foolish thing. The devil does not like to have anyone say his prayers, or do right in any way, so he put it in the little boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to be creating such a disturbance in the ship, when it could be easily avoided if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. Now, see how little he gained by this cowardly proceeding. The moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, he said, "Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London this reckless, profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he kneeled down and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the Great Eastern, was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie, of whom I have been telling you. When the Great Eastern returned to England, after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed on him the honor of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.

Question Corner.—No. 15.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

97. By whom and to whom was it said, "Come with us and we will do thee good?
98. By whom and of whom was it said, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided?"
99 Who killed six hundred Philistines with an ox goad?
100. By whom was Moses so name and why?
101. What was Aaron's conduct when his two sons were destroyed by fire from the Lord?
102. Where was Moses buried?
103. What was the early Bible name for Prophet?
104. How many were the Songs of Solomon?
105. What is the shortest song in the Bible?
106. What king was smothered by his servant?
107. Who had for a possession 23 cities of Gilead?
108. By whom were the children of Israel carried captive into Babylon?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The great apostle of the Gentile race?
2. The first man who in heaven found a place?
3. A youthful Christian in God's law well read?
4. The Lord's peculiar people by him led?
5. One who his birthright for a trifle sold?
6. "An Israelite, indeed"—one of Christ's fold?
7. The promised land with milk and honey blest?
8. A younger son by God beloved best?

The *initial* letters take and you will find
One virtue of the lowly Christian mind.

ANSWERS TO E[illegible] QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

73. Megiddo, 2 Kings xxiii, 29.
74. Saul, 1 Samuel xxii, 18.
75. Athaliah, 2 Chron. xxii, 10.
76. After the Babylonian captivity, Neh. viii. 7.
77. Zedekiah, Jer. lii. 11.
78. Mount Carmel, Kings xviii. 20.
79. Deborah, Judges, iv. 4. 5.
80. Ehud, Judges, iii. 15.
81. Abimelech, Judges, ix. 5
82. The men of Shechem, Judges ix. 24.
83. Hezekiah, 2 Kings xx. 6.
84. Balaam, Num. xxiii. 10.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

1. I-chabo-d, 1 Sam. iv. 21.
2. S-amari-a, 1 Kings xvi. 24.
3. A-hima-n, Num. xiii. 22.
4. I-su-i, Gen. xlvi. 17
5. A-nis-e, Matt. xxiii. 23.
6. H-ie-l, 1 Kings xvi, 34.

Isaiah—Daniel.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 13.—Jas. R. Stirling, Maxwell. O., 10; Frank Lyle, Morrisburg, O., 3; Hugh McKercher, Franktown, O., 12; Gussie Kelly, Kingsclear, N. B., 6; Jessie M. Macintosh, Cazaville, Q., 8; John Tresiddier, Montreal, Q., 10; Cora E. Hamilton, Noel Shore, N. S., 12; F. W. Paton, Port Edward, O., 9; Amos J. Popplestone, Woodham, O., 10; Jane W. Patterson, Gaspe, Q., 7; Annie Donaldson, Ormstown, Q., 12; Francis Hooker, Ormstown, Q., 12; Annie Paton, Ormstown, Q., 12; Margaret Paton, Ormstown, Q., 12.

To No. 12.—John J. Fisher, North Easthope, O., 12; Alice A. Hamilton, Gore, N. S., 10; Peter Masson, Eramosa, O., 13; Hibbert C. Hicks, Dorchester, N. B., 10; John F. Millen, Cottane, O., 13; Allie Dale, Uxbridge, O., 12; Matilda E. Webster, Blanshard, O., 12; Esther E. H. Derby, Kilsyth, O., 6; N. L. McEachern, North Keppel, O., 11; Anna Eyres, Walnut, O., 8; Maggie Darling, Southampton, O., 12; Lillie Jackson, Southampton, O., 12; Lina Sutherland, Ingersoll, O., 11; Susie E. Brown, Head of Wallace Bay, N. S., 11; Everett Forbes, Little Harbor, N. S., 1; Sarah J. Boulns, North Cayuga, O., 10; Stephen S. Stevens, Hopewell Hill, N. B. 10; G. Hugh Harrison, Oak Bay, N. B., 10; Hugh McKercher, Franktown, O., 10; Ellen Cole, White House, New Jersey, U. S., 12; Gussie Kelley, Kingsclear, N. B., 9.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

LESSON VII.—Aug. 18.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.—Luke vii. 11-17.

11. And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people.

12. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her.

13. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not.

14. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.

15. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.

16. And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and That God hath visited his people.

17. And this rumor of him went forth throughout all Judæa, and throughout all the region round about.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not."—Ver. 13.

1. To what city did Jesus go the day after healing the centurion's servant? Ver 11.

2. Why did the disciples and much people go with him?

2. What is a disciple?

ANS. A pupil, or one who is trying to be like his teacher.

4. Who were the disciples of Christ when he lived on earth?

ANS. All who believed on him, and tried to obey his commands.

5. How many did he choose from among these for his special friends?

ANS. Twelve disciples, and they are also called apostles.

6. Have you been studying about any of them in these lessons?

7. How many of the names of these twelve disciples can you remember? Chap. vi. 14-16.

8. When Jesus came near the gate of the city, what did he see? Ver. 12.

9. How did the Lord feel towards this sorrowing woman? Ver. 13.

10. How did he show his pity and love for her? Vers. 14, 15.

11. What did the multitude see in this act?

ANS. Christ's divine power.

12. How do we know there was a multitude about the gate of the city.

ANS. Because "much people" went with Jesus, and "much people" came out of the city with the weeping mother.

13. How were the people affected by seeing the one who was dead made alive again? Ver 16.

14. What kind of a fear was this that came on them?

15. Who besides Christ has ever raised any one from the dead?

ANS. The old prophets.

16. What difference was there between their act and Christ's?

ANS. When they brought any one back to life, they said plainly that they did it by the help and power of God; but Christ did it by his own power.

17. Have there ever been cases where persons were supposed to be dead, and then restored by physicians?

ANS. Yes; but this could not have been such a case.

18. Why not?

ANS. The young man, when spoken to by Christ, sat up instantly, and began to speak; but, when any one has been restored by physicians, it was a very slow and difficult process.

19. Why did Christ raise this young man to life?

ANS. Because of his sympathy for the mother, and to show the people that he was the Messiah.

20. Are the love and compassion of Christ any less now than when he was at the gate of Nain?

21. If he is so pitiful, will he not take away all sorrow and pain from his children?

ANS. He will do so in heaven, and he would do it here if it were best.

22. Why are sorrows and pain sometimes best for us?

ANS. To make us more like Christ.

Let us remember this week, what St. Paul says,—

"IF WE SUFFER WE SHALL ALSO REIGN WITH HIM."

LESSON VIII.—Aug. 25.

THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.—Luke vii. 40-50.

40. And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.

41. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty.

42. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?

43. Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.

44. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

45. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

46. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

47. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

48. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.

49. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also?

50. And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"This man receiveth sinners."—Luke. xv., 2.

1. Who had invited Jesus to come and dine with him?

ANS. A Pharisee named Simeon.

2. Who were the Pharisees?

ANS. A sect of the Jews who thought they were better than anybody else.

3. Did the Jews sit at table as we do?

ANS. No: they were placed on couches, partly lying down, with the feet extended backward.

4. What do you remember about sandals, and the custom of washing the feet on entering a house?

5. What occurred while they were at dinner?

ANS. A woman "which was a sinner" came in, and bathed the feet of Jesus with her tears, and wiped them with her hair, and kissed them, and poured on them a perfumed ointment.

6. Was this woman an invited guest?

ANS. She was not; but, wherever Jesus was, the people would press in.

7. What did Simon think of this act?

ANS. He was vexed with the woman for coming into his house, and vexed with Jesus for letting her touch him.

8. Did he say anything?

ANS. He did not, but Jesus knew his thoughts.

9. What beautiful story did Jesus tell him? Vers. 41-43.

10. How did he explain this to Simon? Vers. 44-46.

11. Did Jesus know how wicked this woman had been?

ANS. Yes; and he knew how sorry she was, and how much she loved him.

12. Can any one truly love Christ, and yet continue to sin against him?

ANS. True love to Christ will finally conquer sin, and drive it out of the heart and life.

13. Why can it not conquer sin all at once?

ANS. Because sinful habits are so hard to overcome.

14. Mention some wrong habits which are specially hard to overcome.

15. What did Jesus say to this woman's sins? Vers. 47, 48.

16. When the people heard this, who did they think he was? Ver. 49.

17. What was it that saved this sinful woman? Ver. 50.

18. What do you see in her conduct that is worthy of praise?

ANS. She believed in Christ; she was determined to find him; and she did not stop to think what people would say.

19. When she had found Christ, how did she show her love to him?

ANS. By doing something for him.

20. In what was Simon wrong?

ANS. He was proud, and thought himself too good to have any thing to do with this woman "who was a sinner."

21. What example has Christ here given us to follow?

ANS. To love and pity those who have done wrong, and to try to do them good.

22. Is there any danger that such people might lead us into sin?

ANS. Not much, if we depend on God for help and strength.

23. What astonished the Pharisees more than anything else in Christ's conduct? Golden Text.

24. Why could they not see the beauty and loveliness of it?

ANS. Because their hearts were filled with self, and in such hearts there is no room for Christ.

Watchword for this week,

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND."

ONE PETITION.

I have sometimes asked my myself: *If* I were allowed to present but one petition at the throne of grace, and that a single verse of Scripture, what verse would it be? And I have thought that it would be the one in Ps. 51: 10: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." This has long been a prominent petition in my prayers, and becomes so more and more the longer I live. I feel there is nothing more to be desired than that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Nothing seems to me so beautiful, and I feel that without it I can never be truly happy, either in this world or in the world to come. But I feel that with it I shall have all the happiness that is best for me here, and that I shall be unspeakably happy hereafter. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." If purity of heart be mine, I shall be admitted within the gates of that city into which nothing entereth that defileth. I shall be prepared to be a companion of angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven. The infinite God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, will look with complacency upon me, and Christ, my Redeemer, to whom I owe all my salvation, will admit me to the closest intimacy. More earnestly, therefore, than I would seek gold and silver, or all created good, would I seek to "shine in blest resemblance" to Him whose name is Holy.

There is also another verse of Scripture to offer as my one petition, and in the choice of which I might seem to be less selfish than in making choice of the other. The verse to which I now refer is contained in the "Lord's Prayer," and is as follows: "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." If this petition be granted, and the will of God be done in earth, as it is in heaven, then it will be done in others as well as in myself, and in myself as well as others, and both myself and they will have the clean heart and the right spirit asked in the other petition. And thus I would like this even better than that. I would therefore cordially accept it, and fervently urge it at the Mercy-seat.—*N. Y. Observer.*

TRACES OF THE BURIED BIBLE.

In the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society's House stands a glass case, containing several interesting specimens of the Scriptures in various languages.

Among these specimens, perhaps, the most interesting is a Bible once buried in the island of Madagascar. Many of our young friends are acquainted with the story of the Malagasy Christians, who, for so many years, with no human teacher to instruct them, and through days of fiery persecution, remained true to their Saviour and the principles contained in his word.

The buried Bible in the Bible Society's library is one of those few which remained in the island when the voice of the human teacher was silenced. The divine word was still read, loved and acted upon by the Christians when left to stand alone.

This particular Bible consists of the whole Scriptures bound in a rough cowhide. But whilst the words of the book are complete, the type and size of the pages throughout are not uniform, the truth being that the poor islanders could not obtain the complete book without binding together different sized pages. In doing this they bound in, at the same time, a few blank sheets of paper, and on these sheet wrote down references to passages in the word, which had been found precious to them during their long waiting time ere the missionaries returned.—*Gleanings for the Young.*

CHEMISTS tells us that a single grain of the substance called iodine will impart color to several thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things—one companion, one book, one habit, may affect the whole of life and character.

PUBLISHERS DEPARTMENT.

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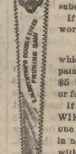

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